Social and Personal

Miss Nellie Elizabeth Richards, the daughter of Dr. G. W. Richards, of Island Ford, Rockingham county, and Mr. George Todd, of this city, were married Wednesday forenoen in the home of the bride, the Rev. Mr. Cline, of the Methodist Church, officiating.

The pariors were prettly decorated in ferns and white flowers. The bride was levely in white chiffon over silk, her well falling from a coronet wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses and came in with her brother, Dr. Charles Richards, of Richmond, who gave her in marriage. Mrs. Leon C. Ware, of Staunton. Va., the matron of honor, were while silk mull. Her flowers were pink roses.

The best man was Mr. W. C. Todd, of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Todd are now at "Glenmore," near Staunton, the suburban home of Hon and Mrs. J. W. Todd, the parents of the groom. After their honeymoon, the young couple will come to Richmond, where Mr. Todd is engaged in

Kindergarten-Primary for Boys and Girls.

and Girls.

The Kindergarden and Primary School for girls and boys to open at No. 14 West Main Street the first of next October will be under the direction of Miss Harriet Randolph Talcott, a graduate of Phoebe Hearst Training School in Washington, D. C., and Miss Lucy Singleton Coleman, a graduate of the Richmond Training School.

Miss Hattle Lovell Scott will conduct the primary. A connecting class for the younger children will be under the supervision of Miss Lot Beole Catesby Jones.

Richmond Training School graduate. Miss Jessie Akers Gibboney, an expert in Delsarte, Swedish methods and society dancing, will be in charge of the physical culture exercises.

To secure co-operation between parents and teachers, "mothers' meetings" will be held at intervals during the session.

Good Time at Blue Ridge.

Good Time at Blue Ridge.

The Virginia editors and the ladies who accompanied them to the meeting of the Virginia Press Association seem to be having a good time at Blue Ridge The genial host of this delightful resort

The genial host of this delightful resort is doing a great deal in, the way of entertaining, having offered prizes to the highest score at golf, tennis, ten-pins, and other popular games, the offer being limited to the editors and their ladies. Mr. W. S. Copeland, who was accompanies to Blue Ridge by his daughter, Miss Katherine Copeland, and her friend, Miss Mullen, of Petersburg, won in the ten-pin contest, being pitted against Miss Wharton, of Slaunton, to whom he presented his trophy.

wnarton, of Staunton, to whom he pre-sented his trophy.
Yesterday a number of the associa-tion, including many of the young ladies, visited Roanoke, were given a trolley ride over the town, a "Dutch lunch" and returned to the Blue Ridge in the after-noon.

Cox-Middleton.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs.
H. D. Middleton, of No. 2696 East Grace
Street, for the marriage of her daughter,
Ruth, to Mr. B. Cox. a former employe
of the William R. Trigs Company, but
more recently of New London, Conn.,
where he is now established in business.
The nuptial celebration will take place
at 7 o'clock P. M., July 20th, in St. John's
Episcopal Church.

Personal Mantion

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meredith Kent have returned from their wedding trip and are now at their home, No. 320 South Third Street

Mr. E. O. Lafong and bride, formerly Miss Lillie Womack, of Nashville, Tenn., who have been enjoying the exposition at St. Louis and visiting other points of interest in the West, returned to Richmond yesterday and are at home at No.

mond yesterday and are at home at No. 525, West Grace Street.

Mrs. James B. Lacy, of Grove Avenue, has returned home after a delightful visit of two weeks to Ocean View. She will leave the city in a few days to spend eral weeks with friends in King Wil-n county.

Mrs. W. Herbert Hale, now of Ackerman, Miss., will spend the months of August and September with her parent, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Lacy, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Newman, of this

DAILY FASHION HINTS.



Child's Square Yoke Dress.

Child's Square Voke Dress.

No. 4427: For the very "littlest" folks it does not seem possible a better model than the well known Mother Hubbard style as a foundation and any innovation is supplied in the trimming alone. Pretty collars add not a little to the design and the one shown here in pointed outline is a very becoming style.

The dress may be as simple or as elaborate as one desires, depending upon the use of the dress and the tastes of the maker. For a little every-day dress in white or small checked gingham, a deephem on the skirt is a nest finish. The collar is all in one piece and the sections could be outlined by finishing braid. For a best dress, China silk, trimmed with narrow val lace and insertion would be very dainty. Nainsook, lawn, dimity and gingham are materials usually employed. Material required for three year child, 21/4 yards, 36 inches wide.

Sizes-1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., Nos. 135-140 West Twenty-third Street. New York. When ordering, please do not fall to mention number and to indicate that this coupon is from The Times-Dispatch.

No. 4427. Size

Address.....

city, and Mrs. Edward Moon, of Lynchburg, Va., left Wednesday for New York to remain some days.

Miss Marie Hartung has left with he uncle, Mr. C. H. Phillips, for Atlantic City.

Miss Annie Walton, of Cumberland county, will return home Saturday after a pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. W. P. Stutz, of No. 2511 Venable Street.

Mrs. H. B. Smith and Master Forester Smith, of "Horn Quarter." King William county, spent the day in Richmond Wednesday, and were the dinner guests of Mrs. R. T. Hunter,

of Mrs. R. T. Hunter.

Mrs. Houston, of Clarksburg, W. Va., is visiting her father, Mr. F. T. Glasgow, at No. 1 West Main Stret.

Judge and Mrs. T. B. Lyons and family, of Charlottesville, Va., are spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. L. E. Hall and daughters have returned from a visit to friends in Newport News.

Miss Gertrude Skelton, of Richmond, was a very recent guest at County Treasurer William II. Ricketts's beautiful home in West Orange.

Miss Alice Miliner, after a pleasant

visit to this city, has returned to her lome in Danville, accompanied by her sisters. Misses Mary and Gertrude, who will spend two weeks visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ewing, of Toledo, Ohio, have bought "Hayfield," on the Rappahannock, one of the finest farms in that section, formerly owned by Mr. M. F. Methoff, of New Orleans.

Miss Virginia Hughes and Master Charles Brook Hughes, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hughes, of Norfolk, are visiting their grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. C. W. P. Brook, in this city.

"Oaken Brow" farm, a fine estate in the Rappahannook valley, King George county, has been sold by the widow and son of Mr. Henry Tuner, its former owner, to Dr. J. H. Low, of Chicago, Ill.

Miss Sue Gray is the guest of Mrs George C. Reld, in Ghent, Norfolk.

Miss Presser is visiting her sister, Mrs William B. Rudd, in Hampton, Va.

The home of the Misses Head, of "The Hollies," near Glenclarlyn, Va., was the scene of great festivities Monday evening on the occasion of a "barn dance," given in honor of the house guests, Miss Marle J. McGuire and Miss May E. V. Reilly, of Washington: The gemuine old-time country dance was in prominence, and not until the wee small hours were advanced did the familiar strains of Home, Sweet Home and the Virginia reel sound. Sweet Home and the Virginia reel sound

Miss Meitle E. Ricketts, of Orange, Va., who for the past four years has held the chair of modern languages in Central College, Lexington, Mo., will sail in Au-

gust for Paris. Later she will go to Germany. Miss Ricketts is held in the highest esteem for her scholarly attainments by the faculty of Central College and by her many Virginia friends.

Miss Alice B. Caldwell, of No. 116 North Twentieth Street, left yesterday for a visit of several weeks with friends in King William county. Later she will be joined by her mother, and in August they will visit Virginia Boach. will visit Virginia Beach.

Misses Essie and Louise Gates are spending the summer in Halifax county. Va. Miss Lucile Gates is visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. H. Gates, at Claybank, Gloucester county.

Mr. G. L. Barnhill is spending two weeks with friends at Lanexs.

Miss Irone Powers is at Grand View Hotel, Rip Raps, for the rest of July.

Mrs. Ben Nash and Miss Mary C. Hatcher will spend the rest of the sum-mer at the Rockbridge Alum Springs.

Mrs. M. C. Grymes is visiting relatives at Wake Forest, W. Va.

Mrs. Dabney Crenshaw and children are at the Brandon Hotel, Basic City.

Mrs. M. B. Dupuy is spending the summer at Dr. McCue's, near Greenwood, Va. Mrs. W. P. Shelton will spend the summer at Frederick's Hall, Va.

Mrs. A. M. Seddon is spending midsummer in the home of Miss Sally Coles, near Alberone, Va.

Mr. T. C. Woody has gone to Mec-chum's River for the summer.

Mrs. S. C. Winn is at Mrs. Charles Cocke's home, near Keswick, for July,

Dr. B. W. Green, of the University of Virginia, will be at the Greenbrier White Sulphur for the season.

Mr. R. H. Paulett, of Farmville, is at Arlington cotage, Virginia Beach.

Miss L. T. Leigh is registered at Stribbling cottage, Orkney Springs.

Miss Elizabeth Weddell is at Rapidan, Orange county. Mrs. E. H. Gunst is summering at Yellow Springs, Va.

Mr. L. R. Balmer, who has been ill in Wytheville, has been joined by Mrs. Balmer, and is sufficiently improved to go with her to Marion, Va.

Mr. A. Cameron Johnson is at Hot

Springs, Ark.

Mrs. E. B. Bentley has gone to Blue Ridge Springs for a month.

Mrs. J. W. Harrison is at Baker Island,

Mass., for midsummer.

Mrs. James Lee Jones is at Arrendale
Hotel, Radford, Pa., HhVViews|PdDq-ac
Hotel, Bedford, Pa., for the summer. Miss Nettle Eichberg is at Windemere House, Lake Rossan, Muskoka, Canada.

Mrs. R. M. Smith is spending the summer at Cousin's Island, Me.

Mr. Walter Blair is registered at Shelburne Hotel, Atlantic City.

Mr. G. Armitage has left Atlantic City for Gion Garden, N. J.

Mrs. A. W. Nolling is at No. 10 Club Row, Roland Park, Baltimore. Mrs. M. B. Smith has left Atlantic City for Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. A. L. Boulware is in Danville,

Mr. William B. Smith is spending some weeks in Boston.

Baltimore Social Notes.

Mr. J. Buckler Ghequier and Mr. Charles Edward Shaffer will sail for Europe on the steamer Friesland, leaving Philadelphia on Saturday. They expect to vist Ireland, England, France, Switzerland and Northern Italy, returning early in September.

arry in September.

Mrs. E. Bradley Jones is spending several weeks at Virgina Beach, where she is the guest of Norfolk friends. Her daughter, Miss Beatrice Pinkey Jones, is with relatives in Petersburg, Va., and in August will visit friends in St. Louis.

Mr. Meredith Janvier, No. 18 W. Hamilton Sireet, has just returned from a trip by sea and rall to Weston, Mass. On the return he stopped in Boston, Newport and New York. In August Mr. Janvier will join Mrs. Janvier at the University of Virginia, Charlotteville, timing this outing to attend the local horse show, August 4, 5 and 6.

Mrs. George H. Sprigg is spending the summer at Fair View, East Gloucester, Mass. She will be joined in August by the Rev. and Mrs. William Dailiam Morgan.

Mrs. Don S. Colt. with Mary, John and Don S. Colt. Jr. will leave on Friday for a trip to the World's Fair. Later they will be joined by Rev. Dr. Colt and will go to Kansas, the former home of Mrs. Colt. . . .

The Misses Hutchens, of Baltimore, accompanied by their aunt Mrs, McKim, of Washington, will leave the latter part of the week for New York, where they will be the guests of Miss Marion McKim.

Miss Emily Asserson Stokes, of Portsmouth, Va., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Hammill at the Cecil apartment house.

TRAIN ROBBER

Convicted of Holding Up Excursionists-Go to Penitentiary.

cursionists—Go to Penitentiary.
Jolin Brown, colored, was convicted of
John Brown, colored, was convicted by
terday and sentenced to serve a term
of five years in the penitentiary.
The negro was a leader of the famous
"Penitentiary Bottom" gang, who were
arrested and charged with complicity in
the robbery of passengers on a negro
excursion train returning from Buckroe
Beach about a month ago.
"Buck Hopkins," another one of the
gang, was tried on the same charge, and
he was acquitted, being found not guilty
hy the jury. The negroes had no counsel, and Commonwealth's Attorney Wendenberg conducted the prosecution.

denberg conducted the prosecution.
Fleming White and Montgomery White,
two negroes arrested for complicity in the
train robbery, will be given a hearing before Magistrato Angle to-day.

The examination of applicants for positions as school teachers in the county of Henrico is still in progress. Yesterday there were twenty-five colored women who presented themselves and took the examination. The county employs eight y-three white teachers and thirty-eight colored. Out of the twenty-five applicants about six teachers will be chosen, all of the other places being fill ed.

On the storm, the house of James Crit-tendon, in Varina district, was struck by lightning and his parlor suffered great damage as a result of the bolt. The furniture in the room was splintered and other furnishings were ruined.

Clerk Waddill, of the Circuit Court of Henrico, yesterday issued marriage licenses to Roy G. Perry and Nora Lee Froffitt, and to Seth W. Henley and Kosa L. Parsons.

The Davenport Family

Acting Chief Hulce has received a letter from L. V. Carstens, No. 1804 Washington Street, Houston, Texas, asking for information concerning relatives by the name of Davenport One of the Davenports married Josephine Rodriques, in Louislana, This woman is the mother of the writer of the letter to the chief.

Social Life In Other Cities

New York.

Sir Archibald Edmonstone, who is staying with Atherton Blight and Miss Blight at Newport, is the brother of Mrs. George Keppel. Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone are on their way home from a trip neund the world. They have a beautiful place in Scotland, at Duntreath Castle, where they have on several occasions entertained the King, who is the god father of their youngest boy. Duntreath Castle has been in the possession of the Edmonstone family since the fourteenth century. One of Sir Archibald's sisters was married to the Right Hon. Andrew Graham Murray, the secretary for Scotland and a member of the Balfour Cabinet.

Mrs. Astor sailed Wednesday on the Kronprinz Wilhelm from Cherbourg for this city. On her arrival here next week she will go to Nowport for the summer. Her son, Colonel John Jacob Astor, who is spending a few days in town, will start this week for Nowport, and will make the trip there on his yacht Nourmahal.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Barton French have arrived in town from Hot Springs and will await here the arrival of Mrs. Walker Fearn, who is now on her way home from Burope, before proceeding to Bar Harbor for the summer.

Congratulations are being extended to

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Oswald C. Hering on the birth of a son recently at the home of Mrs. Hering's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson Clark, No. 46 West Fifty-third Street. Mrs. Clark, who is spending the summer at Lako Pincid, has returned to town for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brooks, who have a villa at Bur Harbor for the summer, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks at Newport.

Washington.

Justice and Mrs. Henry B. Brown, who went to Atlantic City after their marriage recently, are now in New York to sail on Saturday for Europe. They intend to spend the remainder of the summer in foreign travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Mitchell are spending the summer quietly at Narragan-sett Peir. They leased the Rodman cottage early in the spring, and had intended entertaining several house parties, but have cancelled all invitations, owing to the death of Mrs. Mitchell's uncle. Jesse Brown, who died here about two weeks ago.

Brown, who died here about two weeks ago.

Mrs. Shaw, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, who has been in her Washington home for some weeks, has gone to Boston, where she will join the secretary and their daughters. After a short stop there they will go to Portland, Me., and remain in the vicinity of that spot for the next two, months.

Miss Myra Webb, of Mount Pleasant, who attended the Culpeper Cott Show a few days ago, met with a painful injury in alighting from her carriage. She fell and sprained her ankle and hurt her back, and has suffered sewerely in consequence. Miss Webb's coming marriage to Mr. Aliman, son of Judge Aliman, of Birmingham, Ala, has been announced to take place in the autumn.

Mrs. N. M. Burke and son, William H. Burke, returned to Capon Springs vesterday, having been detained by illness for the past week in her apartments in the Marlborough. Mrs. Robert Christy will shortly visit Mrs. Burke in her cottage at the springs.

Lieutenant Charles R. Reynolds, surgeon United States army, left the city yesterday for his new post at Gettysburg. Dr. Reynolds will remain during the encampment, returning to town then for a few weeks, after which he will accompany the soldiers in their outing at Manassas.

The army and navy are well represented at Richfield Springs this season. General D. L. Magruder, Mrs. Magruder and the Misses Magruder are at the Earlington: Rear-Admiral George F. Lyon, U. S. N., has been at the Fuller for several weeks, while Captain William Swift is again occupying his pretty cottage there. Assistant Surgeon Frederick Asserson was the guest of Captain and Mrs. Swift hefore going aboard the U. S. S. Kentucky. Dr. Asserson's marriage to Miss Pauline Swift has been announced for next September.

Colonel McCabe Off for Europe.
Colonel W. Gordon McCabe left the
city last evening for New York, from
which port he sails on Saturday morning
on the "Campnalo," (the "greyhound of
the Cunard fleet."

It is understood that Colonel McCabe
will remain abroad until the autumn.
Ile ought to be a good sailor, as he
has crossed the Atlantic between thirty
and forty times. Colonel McCabe Off for Europe.

Are ye no? Let's ha' the truth for aince-for a diversion."
"Reck'n he's good enough if there's none better," David replied dispassionate-

"And what was ye mean by that his father cried.

"Nay; I was but thinkin' that Mr. Moore's Bob'il look gradely writ under yon. He pointed to the vacant space below Red Wull's name.

The little man put the Cup back on its and the hurseld hands. The hand-

the boy, who sprang against the wall, still

"So ye're hopin', prayin', nae doot, that James Moore-curse himi-will win ma Cup awa' from me, yer ain dad. I wonder ye're no 'ashamed to cross ma door! Ye live on me; ye suck ma hlood, ye foulmouthed leech. Wuille and me brak' corsel's to keep ye in hoose and hame-and what's yer gratitude? Ye plot to rob us of oor rights."

He dropped the boy's coat and stood back,
"No rights about it," said David, still keeping his temper.
"If I win, is it no ma right as muckle as ony Englishmen's?"

Red Wull, who had heard the rising voices, came trotting in, seewled at David, and took his stand beside his master.
"Ay, if yo' win it," said David, with significant emphasis on the conjunction.

"Ay, if yo' win it," said David, with significant emphasis on the conjunction.
"And wha's to beat us?"
David looked at his father in well-affected surprise.
"I tell yo' Owd Bob's rinnin'," he sa-

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot

No. 236.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY HALLECK.

Fritz-Greene Halleck was born at Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790, and died at his birthplace November 19, 1877. His mother was a lineal descendant of John Eilot, apostic to the Indians, He was a clerk in a country store, bookkeepen militiaman, school teacher, counting-room employe, commission merchant. He got a gift of \$17,000 and an annuity of \$200 from the Astors, in whose bank he worked. He made \$17,500 on a his willings.

Worked, He made \$17,500 on a his willings.

Exact to Green's the health of the willings. The second of the second under the first Napoleon in several campaigns. When, in 1500 the Greek insurrection against Turkish oppression broke out, Bozzaris became one of the leaders in the movement that was destined to result, six years later, in Greek independence.

On the night of August 20, 1522, with 1,200 men he attacked 4,000 Turks at Laspe, the site of the ancient city of Plateae, surprising and routing them ignominiously; but, like General Wolfe, he died in the hour of victory.



T MIDNIGHT, in his gaurded tent, A T MIDNIGHT, an his gaureed tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then were his monarch's signet-ring;
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king; As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing. As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,

— Bozzar's ranged his Sulfote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades, Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood.
There had the glad earth drunk their blood. On old Platea's day; And now there breathed that haunted air The sons of sires who conquer'd there. With arms to strife, and soul to dare,

As quick, as far as they. An hour pass'd on, the Turk awake; That bright dream was his last; He woke-to hear his sentries shrick, "To arms! they come! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke
And shout and groan and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots fulling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud; And heárd, with voice as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band; "Strike—till the last armed foe expires; Strike for your alters and your fires; Strike—for the green graves of your sires; God—and your native land!"

They fought-like brave men, long and well; They piled that ground with Moslem slain; They conquered—but Bozzaris fell, Bleeding at every vein. His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close

Calmly, as to a night's repose, Like flowers at set of sun. Come to the burial chamber, Death! Come to the mother's, when she feels Come to the mothers, when she reast.

For the first time, her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed scals

That close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wall its stroke; Come in consumption's ghastly form, The earthquake shock, the ocean storm, Come when the heart beats high and warm, With banquet-song and dance and wine; And thou art terrible—the tear.
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bler;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of sgony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with the laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then Come in the countries have a come in the countries welcome as the sight. Of sky and stars to prison'd men. Thy grasp is welcome as the hand of brother in a foreign land;

The current welcome as the cry Of prother in a foreign land,
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh To the world-seeking Genoese, When the land-wind, from woods of palm, And orange-groves, and fields of balm,

Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave Greece nurtured in her glory's time, Rest thee—there is no prouder grave, Even in her own proud clime. She wore no funeral weeds for thee. Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume, In sorrow's pomp and pageantry.

The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed, Her marble wrought, her music breathed; For thee she rings the birthday bells; Of thee her babes' first lisping tells; For thine her evening prayer is said At palace couch and cottage bed; Her soldier, closing with U.e foe, Gives for thy sake a deadler blow His plighted maiden, when she fears For him, the low of her young years. Thinks of thy fale and checks her tears; And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak.
The memory of her buried joys.
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will by their all and the she will be the birth, For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's

Tie Jeene Halleck

of the few, the immortal names, That were not born to die.

This series began in The Times Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each dur

ARE MAKING THE EARTH

魯

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
MILWAUKEE, July 18,—Through a lecture delivered here by Dr. Salisbury, of
the University of Chicago, it has devel-

present solar system. The new theory has not yet been finally perfected. ALL OVER ONCE MORE PRETTY SCHOOL MARM COMES LONG WAY TO GET HUSBAND

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

MILWAUKEE, July 13,—Through a lecture delivered here by Dr. Salisbury, of the University of Chicago. It has developed that scientists throughout the world are giving carnest consideration to a new theory of the origin of the earth, and that'so far not a law has been found in it. The new hypothesis disproves the nebular theory.

The hypothesis by Professor Chamberialn, of Chicago University, is termed the planetesimal, and combines elements of both the nebular and meteoratic hypotheses, assuming a parent nebula for the system, but not one of hot gas. It assumes, further, small solid bedies, cold, not hot, and possibly the presence of gases, all revolving around the central mass, the sun, and gradually svolving the

"A Book to Be Thankful For." CHAPTER XI-Continued

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL, WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

(Coypright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co.)

indignation, and half rose from her seat But M'Adam merely smiled. "Wullie, turn and mak' yer bow to the "They'll no hurt us noo we're up; it's when we're doon they'll flock like corbies to the carrion."

"Liar!" came a loud voice in the si-

lence. Lady Eleanour looked up, hot with

At that Red Wull walked up to Lady Eleanour, faintly wagging his tail; and she put her hand on his huge bull head and said, "Dear old Ugly!" at which the crowd cheered in earnest.

After that, for some moments, the only sound was the gentle ripple of the good lady's voice and the little man's caustic replies. caustic replies.

"Why, last winter the country was full of Red Wull's doings and yours. It was always M'Adam and his Red Wull have

always M'Adam and his Red Well have done this and that and the other. I de-clare I got quite tired of you both, I heard such a lot about you."

The little man, cap in hand, smiled, blushed and looked genuinely pleased.

"And when it wasn't you it was Mr. Moore and Owd Bob."

"Owd Bob, bless him!" called a sten-torian voice, "Three cheers for oor Bob!" "[Ip] "[p] 'ooray!" It was taken up gallantly, and cast from mouth to mouth and strangers, though they did not un-derstand, caught the contagion and cheer-

ed too; and the uproar continued for minutes. When it was ended Lady Eleanour was standing up, a faint flush on her cheeks and her eyes flashing dangerously, like a uneen at bay,

"Yes," she cried, and her clear voice thrilled through the air like a frampet "Yes; and now three cheers for Mr. M'Adam and his Red Wull! Hip! hip-"
"Hooray!" A little knowt of stalwarts at the back-James Moore, Parson Leggy, Jim Mason, and you may be sure in heart.

at least Owd Bob—responded to the call right lustily. The crowd joined in; and, once off cherred and cheered again, "Three cheers more for Mr. M'Adam!" But the little man waived to them, "Dinna be bigger heepocrites than ye

can help," he said, "Ye've done enough for one day, and thank ye for it." Then Lady Eleanour handed him the Cup,

BATTLE

"Mr. M'Adam, I present you with the Champion Chailenge Dale Cup, open to all comers. Keep it, guard it, love it as your own, and win it again if you can. Twice more and it's yours, you know, and it will stop forever beneath the shadow of the Pike. And the right place for it, say I—the Dale Cup for Dalesmen."

The little man took the Cup tenderly, "It shall no lave the Estate of ma hoose, yer Leddyship, gin Wullie and I can help it," he said emphatically.

Lady Eleanour retreated into the tent, and the crowd swarmed over the ropes

and the crowd swarmed over the ropes and round the little man, who held the Cup beneath his arm.

Long Kirby laid irreverent hands upon

'Dinna finger it!" ordered M'Adam. "Shan't! Wullie, keep him off." Which the great dog proceeded to do amid the laughter of the onlookers.

Among the last, James Moore was borne

Minds the last, James about was borned past the little man. At sight of him, M'Adam's face assumed an expression of intense concern.

"Man, Moore!" he cried, peering forward as though in alarm; "man, Moore, ye're green-posttively verdant. Are ye in pain;" Then, catching sight of Owd Bob, he started back in affected horror.

"And, ma certes! so's yer dog! Yer dog as was gray is green. Oh, guid tife!" -and he made as though about to fall fainting to the ground.

Then, in bantering tones: "Ah, but ye shouldna covet—"

"He'il ha' no need to covet it long, I can tell yo'," interposed Tammas's shrill accents.
"And why for war"

M'Adam and his Red Wull!" he cried back proudly. CHAPTER XI. OOR BOB.

M'Adam's pride in the great Cup that now graced his kitchen was supreme. It now graced his kitchen was supreme. It stood alone in the very centre of the mantelpiece, just below the old belimouthed blunderbuss that hung upon the wall. The only ornament in the bare room, it shome out in its silvery chastity like the moon in a gloomy sky.

For once the little man was content, Since his mother's death Dayld had never known such peace. It was not that his father became actively kind; rather that he forgot to be actively unkind,

he forgot to be actively inkind,
"Not as I care a brazen button one
way or t'ither," the boy informed Maggle. "Then yo' should," that proper little

person replied.

person replied.

M'Adam was, indeed, a changed being.
He forgot to curse James Moore; he forgot to sneer at Owd Bob; he rarely visited
the Sylvester Arms, to the detriment of
Jem Burton's pocket and temper; and he
was nover drunk. was nover drunk.
"Soaks 'Isself at home, instead," sug-gested Tammas, the prejudiced. But the accusation was untrue, "Too drunk to git so far," said Long Kirby, kindly man.

"I reck'n the Cup is kind o' company to him," said Jim Anson. "Happen it's lonesomeness as drives him hero so much." And huppen you were right.

much." And happen you were right, charitable Jim.
"Best mak' maist on it while he has it, 'cos he'll not have it for long," Tammas remarked amid applause,

Even Parson Leggy allowed-rather reluctantly, indeed, for he was but human-that the little man was changed wonderfully for the better,
"But I am afraid it may not last," he said. "We shall see what happens when Owd Bob beats him for the Cup, as he certainly will. That'll be the critical moment."

As things were, the little man spent all his spare moments with the Cup between his knees, burnishing it and crooning to Wullie:
"I never saw a fairer,

"I never saw a fairer, I never loved a dearer, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jewel tine."

Ye shouldna covet—
"He'll ha' no need to covet it long, I can tell yo." Interposed Tammas's shrill accents.
"And why for no?"
"Becos next year he'll win it fra yo'. Cor Bob'll win it, little man. Why? thot's why."

The retort was greeted with a yell of applause from the sprinkling of Dalesmen in the crowd.

But M'Adam swaggered away into the in the crowd.

But M'Adam swaggered away into the intent, his head up. the Cup beneath his arm, and Red Wull guarding his rear.

"First of a' ye'll ha' to beat Adam
"First of a' ye'll ha' to beat Adam
"For fear my jowel tine."

There, Wullie! look at her! is she no hend? And he would hold it cut at arm's length, his head cocked side.

Ways the better to scan its bright beauties. David might not fouch it; might not smoke in the kitchen lest the fumes should tarnish its glory; while if he approached too closely he was ordered abruptly away.

"And why for no?"

There, Wullie! look at her! is she no hend. Shines like a twinkle—twinkle in the sky." And he would hold it cut at arm's length, his head cocked side ways the better to scan its bright beauties. David might not fouch it; might not smoke in the kitchen lest the fumes should tarnish its glory; while if he approached too closely he was ordered abruptly away.

"And why for no?"

There, Wullie! look at her! is she no head occked side ways the better to scan its bright beauties.

The little man was very jealous for his treasure. David might not fouch it; might not smoke in the kitchen lest the fumes should tarnish its glory; while if he approached too closely he was ordered abruptly away.

"And why for no?"

The elittle man was very jealous for his treasure. David might not smoke in the sky."

And he would hold it out at arm's length, his head cocked side ways the better to scan its bright beauties.

The little man was very jealous for his might not smoke in the sky."

The little man was very jealous for his treasure. David might not sould have a surface ways the better to scan its bright beauties.

sooner ony day—"
"Hands aff, Mr. David, immediate!" she cried indignantly, "Perchance, indeed!" as she tossed her head clear of the big fingers that were fondling her pretty hair.
So it was that M'Adam, on coming quietly into the kitchen one day, was

hair.

So it was that M'Adam, on coming quietly into the kitchen one day, was consumed with angry resentment to find David actually handing the object of his reverence; and the manner of his doing it added a thousandfold to the offence. The boy was lolling indolently against the mantelpiece, his fair head shoved right into the Cup, his breath dimming its lustre, and his two hands, big and dirty, slowly revolving it before his eyes. Bursting with indignation, the little man crept up behind the boy. David was reading through the long list of winners. "Theer's the first of em," he muttered shooting out his tongué to indicate the locality: "'Andrew Moore's Rough, 178-.' And sim—Bock, 182-.' Ah, and theer's 'im Tammas tells on! 'Rex, 183'. and Rex, 183-.' Ay, but he was not a rare un by all telling's! If he'd nob'but won but onst agin! Ah, and theer's none like the Gray Dogs—they all says that, and I say so mase!'; none like the Gray Dogs o'. Kemmin, bloss 'em! And we'll win agin too—" he broke off short; his eye had travelled down to the last name on the list."

or the list.

"M'Adam's Wull!" he read with unspeakable contempt, and put his, great thumb across the name as though to who it out, "M'Adam's Wull! Goo' gracious sakes! P-h-g-h-r-l"—and he made a motion as though to spit upon the ground. But a little shoulder was into his side, two small lists were beating at his chest, and a shrill voice was yelling; "Devil! devil! stan' awa!"—and he was tumbled precipitately away from the mantelpiece, and brought up abruptly against the side, wall.

and brought up abruptly against the side-wall.

The precious Cup swayed on its ebony stand, the boy's hands, rudely withdrawn, almost overthrowing it. But the little man's first impulse, cursing and screaming though he was, was to steady it.

"M'Adam's Wull!! I wish he was here to teach ye, ye snod-faced, ox-limbed profleegit!" he cried, standing in front of the Cup, his eyes slaging.

"Ay, 'M'Adam's Wull!" And why not 'M'Adam's Wull!" Hay ony objection to the name?"

"If didn't know yo' was theer," said David, a thought sheepisliy.

"Na; or ye'd not hu' said it."

"I'd ha 'thought it, though," muttered the boy.

Luckily, however, his father did not hear. He stretched his hands up tenderly for the Cup, lifted it down, and began reverently to polish the dimmed sides with his handkerchief.

"Ye're thinkin', nae doot," he cried, casting up a victous glance at David, "that Wullie's no gude enough to ha' his name clangside o' they cursed Gray Dogs.

said.
"And what wad ye mean by that?" his

pedestal with hurried hands. The hand-kerchief dropped unconsidered to the floor; he turned and sprang furiously at smiling; and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, shook him to and fro with flery energy.
"'So ye're hopin', prayin', nae doot, that

The little man could not fall to understand.

"So that's it!" he said. Then, in a scream, with one finger pointing to the great dog:

"And what o' him? What'll ma Wallie be doin' the while? Tell me that, and hat a care! Mind ye, he stan's here hearkenin!" And, indeed, the Talliess Tyke was bristling for battle.

Dapid ald not like the look of things; ard edged away toward the door, "What'il Wallie be doin', ye chickenhearted brock!" his father cried.

"Im?" said the boy, now close on the door. "'Im?" he said, with a slow contempt that made the red bristles quiver on the dog's neck. "Lookin' on, I should think—lookin' on. What else is he fit for? I tell yo' oor Beb—"

iy. "And wha should there be better? Tell me that, ye muckle gowk." David smiled. "Eh, but that'd be long tellin"," he

if yo' win it," said David, with

"I tell you swored, "And what if he is?" the other cried.
"Why, even yo' should know so much," the boy sneered.
The little man could not fall to under-